

# The Triumphs of Truth:

A Solemnity vnparalleled for Cost, Art,  
and Magnificence, at the Confirmation and  
Establishment of that Worthy and true Nobly-  
minded Gentleman, Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON,  
Knight, in the Honorable Office of his Ma-  
iesties Lieutenant, the Lord Maior of the  
thrice Famous City of LONDON.

Taking Beginning at his Lord-ships going,  
and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing  
the Oath of Maiorshipp at Westminster, on the  
Morrow next after Simon and Iudas  
day, October 25. 1613.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots; Morning, Noone,  
and Night-Triumphes.

Directed, written, and redem'd into Forme from the Ignor-  
rance of some former times, and their  
Common Writer.

By Thomas Middleton, K.  
C. 1613

LONDON,

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# TO THE GREAT EX-

Pectation of Vertue and Goodnesse,  
and most worthy of all those Costs and Honors,  
which the Noble Fellowship and Society of Grocers,  
and generall Loue of the whole City, in full heap'd bounties  
bestow vpon him, the truly Generous and Iudicious

Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, Lord Maior  
of the Honorable City of London.



*S*often as we shall fixe our  
thoughts vpon the Almighty  
Prouidence, so often they  
returue to our capacities  
laden with Admiratiō, ei-  
ther from the Diuine workes of his Mer-  
cy, or those incomprehensible of his Iustice:  
but here to instance onely his Omnipotent  
Mercy, it being the Health and Preser-  
uation of all his workes: and first not onely  
in raising, but also in preserving your L.  
from many great and insident dangers, e-



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Speciallly in forraine Countries in the time  
of your Youth and Travels: and now with  
Safety, Loue and Triumph, to establish  
You in this yeares Honor: crowning the  
Perfection of your Daies, & the Gravity  
of your Life, with Power, Respect & Re-  
uerence. Next, in that my selfe (though  
vnworthy) being of one Name with your  
Lordship, notwithstanding all Oppositions  
of Malice, Ignorance and Enuy, should  
thus happily live, protected by part of that  
Mercy (as if one Fate did prosperously  
cleave to one Name) now to do Service to  
your Fame and Worthinesse, and my Pen,  
onely to be employd in these Bounteous  
and Honorable Tryumphs, being but sha-  
dowes to those Eternall Glories that stand  
ready for Deseruers, to which I commend  
the Deserts of your Iustice, remaining ever

To your Lordship, in the best  
of my obseruance,

Thomas Middleton.





# THE TRYMPHS Of Truth.



Earch all Chronicles, Histories, Records, in what language or letter soeuer; let the inquisitiue man waste the deere Treasures of his Time and Eye-sight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subiect vpon earth receiued into the place of his gouernement with the like State & Magnificenece as is the Lord Maior of the Cittie of *London*. This being then infallible (like the Mistresse of our Triumphs) and not to be denied of any, how carefull ought those Gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and Iudgement the weight and charge of such a businesse is entirely referred and committed by the whole Society, to haue all things correspondent to that Generous and Noble freenesse of cost and liberality, the streames of Art, to æquall those of Bounty, a Knowledge that may take the true height of such an Honorable Solemnity; the miserable want of both which in the *impudent common Writer*, hath often forc'd from me much pittie and sorrow; and it would heartily grieue any vnderstanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in  
A 3 bounty



### *The Tryumphs of Truth.*

and goodnesse offering to match it selfe with  
blazing Art, sitting in darknesse, with the candle out,  
looking like the picture of *Blacke Monday*.

But to speake truth, which many beside my selfe can  
affirme vpon knowledge, a care that hath beene sel-  
dome equal'd, and not easily imitated, hath been faith-  
fully showne in the whole course of this businesse,  
both by the Wardens and Committies, men of much  
vnderstanding, industry, and carefulnesse, little weigh-  
ing the greatnesse of expence, so the cost might pur-  
chase perfection, so feruent hath beene their desire to  
excell in that (which is a learned and vertuous Am-  
bition) and so vnfaignedly pure the loues and affecti-  
ons of the whole Company to his Lordship; If any  
shall imagine that I set fairer colours vpon their De-  
serts, then they vpon themselves, let them but reade  
and conceiue, and their owne vnderstandings will  
light them to the acknowledgement of their errors.  
First, they may here behold loue and bounty opening  
with the morning, earlier then some of former yeares,  
ready at the first appearing of his Lordship, to giue  
his care a taste of the dayes succeeding glory, and thus  
the forme of it presents it selfe.

At *Soper-lane* end a Senate-house erected, vpon which  
Musitians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a  
sweet voyce married to these words:

#### THE SONG.

*Mother of many honorable Sonnes,  
Thinke not the Glasse too slowly runnes  
That in Times hand is set,  
Because thy worthy Sonne appeares not yet:  
Lady be pleas'd, the hower growes on,  
Thy ioy will be compleate anon;*

*Thou*



## The Triumphs of Truth.

*Thou shalt behold  
The man enroll'd  
In Honours bookes, whom Vertue raises,  
Lone-circled round,  
His triumphs crown'd  
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.*

After this sweet aire hath liberally spent it selfe, at the first appearing of the Lord Maior from *Guild-hall* in the morning, a Trumpet plac'd vpon that Scaffold, sounds forth his welcome; then after a straine or two of Musicke, a Graue Fœminine Shape presents it selfe, from behinde a silke curtaine, representing *London*, attired like a reuerend Mother, a long white haire naturally flowing on either side of her: on her head a modell of Steeples and Turrets, her habite *Crimson* silke, neere to the Honourable garment of the *Citty*: her left hand holding a Key of gold, who after a comely grace, equally mixt with Comfort and Reuerence, sends from her lips this Motherly salutation.

### *The speech of London.*

*Honour and Ioy salute thee, I am rais'd  
In comfort and in loue to see thee, glad  
And happy in thy blessings, nor esteeme  
My words the lesse, cause I a woman speake,  
A womans counsell is not alwayes weake.  
I am thy Mother, at that name I know  
Thy heart do's reuerence to me, as becomes  
A Sonne of Honour, in whose soule burnes cleere  
The sacred lights of diuine feare and knowledge,  
I know, that at this instant, all the workes  
Of Motherly loue in me, shorne to thy Youth  
When it was soft and helpelesse, are sum'd up*

*In*



## The Triumphs of Truth.

In thy most gratefull minde, thou well remembrest  
All my deere paines and care, with what affection  
I cherish thee in my bosome, watchfull still  
Ouer thy wayes,  
Set wholesome and Religious Lawes before  
The foot-steps of thy youth, shew'd Thee the way  
That lead thee to the Glory of this Day.  
To which (with teares of the most fruitfull ioy  
That euer Mother shed) I welcome Thee.  
Oh I could be content to take my part  
Out of Felicity onely in weeping,  
Thy Presence and this Day is so deere to me.  
Looke on my age (my Honorable Sonne)  
And then begin to thinke vpon thy Office:  
See how on each side of mee hang the cares  
Which I bestow'd on Thee, in siluer haire.  
And now the Faith, the Loue, the zealous Fires  
With which I cheer'd thy Youth, my Age requires,  
The duty of a Mother I haue shewne,  
Through all the Rites of pure affection,  
In Care, in Gouvernment, in Wealth, in Honour,  
Brought Thee to what thou art, thou'st all from mee,  
Then what thou shouldst be I expect from Thee.  
Now to Thy Charge, Thy Gouvernment, Thy Cares,  
Thy Mother in her age submits her yeares.  
And though (to my abundant grieve I speake it,  
Which now ore-flows my ioy) some Sonnes I haue  
Thanklesse, unkind, and disobedient,  
Rewarding all my Bounties with Neglect,  
And will of purpose wilfully retire  
Themselves, from doing grace and seruice to me,  
When they haue got all they can, or hope for, from me,  
The thankfulnessse in which Thy Life doth moue,

Did



## The Triumphes of Truth.

Did ever promise fairer fruits of Love,  
And now they show themselves, yet they have all  
My blessing with them, so the world shall see  
'Tis their unkindnesse, no defect in me;  
But go Thou forward (my thrice Honor'd Sonne)  
In waies of goodnesse, Glory is best wonne  
When Merit brings it home, disdaine all Titles  
Purchas'd with Coine, of Honor take Thou hold,  
By thy Desert let others buy't with Gold;  
Fixe thy most serious Thought upon the weight  
Thou goest to undergo, 'tis the iust Government  
Of this Fam'd Citty, (Mee) whom Nations call  
Their brightest Eye, then with great care & feare  
Ought I to be ore-seene to be kept cleare.  
Spots in deformed Faces are scarce Noted,  
Faire cheekes are stain'd if nere so little blotted.  
See'st thou this Key of Gold? it shewes thy charge,  
This place is the Kings Chamber, all pollution,  
Sinne and Uncleanesse must be lock't out here,  
And be kept sweet, with Sanctity, Faith & Feare,  
I see Grace take effect, Heavens Ioy upon her,  
'Tis rare, when Vertue opes the Gate to Honor,  
My blessing be upon thee, Sonne, and Lord,  
And on my Sonnes all, that obey my word.

Then making her Honour, as before, the Waites of  
the Citty there in service, his Lordship and the Wor-  
thy Company, are lead forward toward the water side,  
where you shall finde the River deck't in the richest  
glory to receiue him; vpon whose Christall Bosome  
stands five Islands art-fully garnished with all manner  
of Indian Fruite-Trees, Drugges, Spiceries, and the  
like, the middle Island with a faire Castle especially  
beautified.

B

But



### *The Tryumphs of Truth.*

But making haste to returne to the Citty againe,  
where Triumph waites in more Splendor and Magni-  
ficence, the first then that attends to receiue his Lord-  
ship off the water at *Bainards Castle*, is *Truths Angell*  
on Horse-backe, his Raiment of white Silke powdered  
with Starres of Gold: on his head a Crowne of Gold,  
a Trumpeter before him on Horse-backe, and *Zeale*  
the Champion of *Truth*, in a Garment of Flame-  
coloured Silke, with a bright haire on his head, from  
which shoot Fire-beames, following close after him,  
mounted alike, his Right hand holding a flaming  
Scourge, intimating thereby that as hee is the mani-  
fester of *Truth*, he is likewise the chastizer of *Ignorance*  
and *Error*.

### *The Salutation of the Angell.*

*I haue within mine Eye my blessed Charge,*  
*Haile Friend of Truth, Safety and Ioy attends thee;*  
*I am Truths Angell, by my Mistresse sent*  
*To guard and guid thee, when thou took'st thy Oath*  
*I stood on thy Right hand, though to thy eye*  
*In visible forme I did not then appeare,*  
*Aske but thy Soule it will tell thee I stood neere;*  
*And 'twas a Time to take care of Thee then*  
*At such a Marriage before Heaven and Men,*  
*(Thy Faith being wed to Honor) close behinde thee*  
*Stood Errors Minister, that still sought to blinde thee,*  
*And wrap his subtill mists about thy Oath,*  
*To hide it from the nakednesse of Troth,*  
*Which is Truths purest glory, but my light*  
*Still as it shone, Expeld her blackest spite;*  
*His Mists fled by, yet all I could deuise,*  
*Could hardly keepe them from some Peoples eyes;*  
*But thine they flew from, thy Care's but begun*

*wake*



The Triumphes of Truth.

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Wake on, the Victory is not halfe yet won,  
Thou wilt be still assaulted, thou shalt meete  
With many dangers, that in voyce seeme sweet,  
And waies most pleasant to a worldlings eye,  
My Mistresse ha's but One, but that leads hye  
To yo'n triumphant Citty follow mee,  
Keepe thou to Truth, Eternitie keepes to thee.

ZEAL. On boldly Man of Honor, thou shalt win,  
I am Truths Champion, Zeale, the Scourge of Sin.

The Trumpet then sounding, the Angell and Zeale  
ranke themselues iust before his Lordship, & conduct  
him to *Pauls-chaine*, where in the South-yard Error  
in a Chariot with his infernall Ministers attends to as-  
sault him, his Garment of Ash-colour Silke, his head  
rowld in a cloud, ouer which stands, an Owle, a Moale  
on one shoulder, a Bat on the other, all Symboles of  
blinde Ignorance and Darknesse, Mists hanging at his  
Eyes: close before him rides Envy his Champion, ea-  
ting of a humane heart, mounted on a *Rhenoceros*, at-  
tired in Red Silke, futable to the bloudinesse of her  
manners, her left Pap bare, where a Snake fastens, her  
Armes halfe Naked, holding in her right hand a Dart  
tincted in bloud.

The greeting of Error.

Art come? O welcome my triumphant Lord,  
My Glories Sweet-heart! how many millions  
Of happy wisbes hath my loue told out  
For this desired minute, I was dead  
Till I enioyd thy Presence, I saw nothing,  
A Blindnesse thicker then Idolatry,  
Cloue to my Eye-balls, now I am all of Light,  
Of Fire, of Ioy, Pleasure runs nimbly through mee,



## The Triumphes of Truth.

Lets ioyne together both in State and Triumph,  
And down with beggarly and friendlesse Verrue,  
That hath so long impouerish't this faire Citty,  
My Beasts shall trample on her naked breast,  
Vnder my Chariot-wheeles her Bones lye prest,  
She ner'e shall rise againe, great Power this day,  
Is giuen into thy hand, make vse on't Lord,  
And let thy will and Appetite sway the Sword,  
Downe with them all now, whom thy heart enuies,  
Let not thy Conscience come into thine Eyes  
This twelue-month, if thou lou'st reuenge or gaine,  
Ile teach thee to cast mists, to blinde the plaine  
And simple eye of Man, he shall not know't,  
Nor see thy Wrath when 'tis upon his throte,  
All shall be carried with such Art and wit,  
That what thy Lust Aets, shal bee counted fit,  
Then for Attendants that may best obserue thee,  
Ile picke out Seriants of my hand to serue thee,  
Heres Gluttony and Sloth, two pretious Slaves,  
Will tell thee more then a whole heard of Knaues,  
The worth of enery Office to a Haire,  
And who bids most, and how the Markets are,  
Let them alone to smell, and for a need,  
They'l bring thee in Bribes for Measure and light Bread,  
Keepe thy eye winking, and thy hand wide ope,  
Then thou shalt know what wealth is, and the scope  
Of rich Authority, Ho tis sweete and deere,  
Make vse of Time then, thou'st but one poure Yeare,  
And that will quickly slide, then be not nice,  
Both Power and Profite cleaues to my Advice,  
And what's he lockes his Eare from those sweet Charmes,  
Or runs not to meet Gaine with wide-stretch't Armes,  
There is a poore thin thred-bare thing, cal'd Truth,

I



## The Triumphs of Truth.

20

I giue thee warning of her, if shee speake  
Stop both thine eares close, most Professions breake  
That euer delt with her, an Vnlucky thing,  
Shee's almost sworne to nothing, I can bring  
A thousand of our Parish, besides Queanes,  
That nere knew what Truth meant, nor euer meanes.  
Some I could cull out here, e'en in this Throng,  
If I would show my Children, and how strong  
I were in faction; lasse poore simple Stray,  
Shee's all her life time finding out one way:  
Shee's as but one foolish way, streight on, right forward,  
And yet she makes a toyle on't, and goes on  
With Care and Feare forsooth, when I can run  
Over a hundred with delight and pleasure,  
Backe-waies, and by-waies, and fetch in my Treasure  
After the wishes of my heart, by shifts,  
Deceits, and slighes, and Ile giue thee those giftes;  
Ile show thee all my eorners yet untold,  
The very nookes where Beldams hide their gold,  
In hollow wals and chimneies, where the Sun  
Neuer yet shone, nor Truth came euer neere,  
This of thy Life Ile make the golden yeare: Follow me then.  
Enuy. Learne now to scorne thy Inferiours, those must loue  
And wish to eate their Hearts, that sit aboue thee. (thee,

Zeale stird vp with Diuine Indignation, at the Impudence of these Hel-hounds, both forces their retirement, and makes way for the Chariot wherein Truth his Mistresse fits, in a close garment of white Sattin, which makes her appeare thin and naked, figuring thereby her simplicity and neerenesse of heart to those that embrace her; a roabe of white silke cast ouer it, fil'd with the eies of Eagles, shewing her deep  
B 3 insight



### *The Triumphs of Truth.*

insight, and height of wisedome, ouer her thrice sanctified head a milke-white Doue, and on each shoulder one, the sacred Emblemes of Purity, Meekenesse, and Innocency, vnder her Feete, Serpents, in that she treads downe all Subtelty and Fraud, her Fore-head empal'd with a Diadem of Stars, the Witnesse of her Eternall descent; on her Breast a pure round Cristall, showing the brightnesse of her thoughts and actions; a Sun in her Right-hand, then which, nothing is truer, a fan fild all with Starres in her left, with which she parts Darkenesse, and strikes away the vapours of Ignorance; if you hearken to Zeale her Champion after his holy anger is past against Error, and his crue, hee will giue it you in better tearmes, or at least more smoothly and pleasingly.

### *The speech of Zeale.*

*Bold Furies, backe, or with this scourge of Fire  
Whence sparkles out Religious chaste-desire  
Ile whip you downe to darkenesse; this a place  
Worthy my Mistresse, her Eternall Grace  
Be the full object to feast all these eies  
But Thine the first, hee that feeds here is wise;  
Nor by the naked plainenesse of her weeds  
Iudge thou her worth, no burnisht glosse Truth needs;  
That Crowne of Starres shewes her descent from heauen;  
That Roabe of white fild all with Eagles eies,  
Her piercing sight through hidden mysteries;  
Those milke-white Dones her spotlesse Innocence;  
Those Serpents at her feete her victory shewes  
Ouer deceite and guile, her rankest foes,  
And by that Cristall Mirrour at her Brest,  
The cleerensse of her Conscience is exprest;*

*And*



## The Triumphs of Truth.

21  
And showing that her deeds all darknesse shun,  
Her Right-hand holds Truths Symbole, the bright Sunne;  
A Fan of Starres shee in the other twists,  
With which shee chaceth away Errors mists:  
And now shee makes to thee, her so euen Grace,  
For to her Rich and Poore looke with one Face.

## The Words of Truth.

Man rayd by Faith and Loue, upon whose Head  
Honour sits fresh, let not thy Heart be led  
In ignorant waies of insolence and pride  
From Her, that to this day hath bene thy guide;  
I neuer showed thee yet more Paths then one,  
And thou hast found sufficient That alone  
To bring Thee hether, then go forward still,  
And hauing most power, first subiect thy will,  
Giue the first Fruits of Iustice to thy Selfe,  
Then dost thou wisely Gouverne, though that Else  
Of Sin and Darknesse still opposing mee,  
Counsels thy Appetite to Master Thee.  
But call to minde what brought thee to this Day,  
Was Falshood, Cruelty, or Reuenge the way?  
Thy lust or pleasures? peoples curse or hate?  
These were no waies could raise Thee to this State  
The ignorant must acknowledge, if then from Mee,  
Which no Ill dare deny, or Sin controule,  
Forsake mee not, that can aduante thy soule:  
I see a blessed yeelding in thy Eye,  
Thou'rt mine, leade on, thy Name shall neuer dye.

These words ended, they all set forward, this Chariot  
of Truth and her coelestiall hand-maids the Graces &  
Vertues, taking place next before his Lord ship, Zeale  
and the Angell before that, the Chariot of Error fol-  
lowing



### *The Triumphs of Truth.*

lowing as neere as it can get, all passing on, till they come into *Pauls Church-yard*, where stand ready the five Ilands, those dumbe Glories that I spake of before vpon the water, vpon the heighth of these five Ilands sit five persons representing the five Sences, *Visus, Auditus, Tactus, Gustus, Olfactus*, (or) *Seeing, Hearing, Touching, Tasting, Smelling*; at their feete their proper Emblones, *Aquila, Cernus, Araneus, Simia, Canis*, an *Eagle, a Hart, a Spider, an Ape, a Dogge*.

No sooner can your eyes take leaue of these, but they may suddenly espy a strange Ship making toward, and that which may raise greater astonishment, it hauing neither Saylor nor Pilot, onely vpon a white silke streamer these two words set in letters of Gold, *Veritate Gubernor, I am Steer'd by Truth*; the Persons that are contained within this little Vessell are onely foure; a King of the Moores, his Queene, and two Attendants of their owne colour, the rest of their followers, people the Castle that stands in the middle Iland, of which company two or three on the top appeares to fight, this King seeming much astonished at the many eies of such a multitude, vtters his thoughts in these words.

### *The Speech of that King.*

*I see amazement set vpon the faces  
Of these white people, wondrings, and strange gazes,  
Is it at mee? do's my Complexion draw  
So many Christian Eyes, that neuer saw  
A King so blacke before? no, now I see  
Their entire obiect, the're all meant to thee  
(Graue Citty Gouvernour) my Queene and I*

*well*



## The Triumphes of Truth.

22

well honor'd with the Glances that by,  
I must confesse many wilde thoughts may rise,  
Opinions, Common murmurs, and fixt Eyes  
At my so strange arriual, in a Land  
where true Religion and her Temple stand:  
I being a Moor, ethen in Opinions lightnesse  
As far from Sanctity as my Face from whitenesse;  
But I forgine the Iudgings of th'Vnwise,  
whose Censures euer quicken in their Eyes,  
Onely begot of outward forme and show,  
And I thinke meete to let such Censurers Know,  
How euer Darkenesse dwels vpon my Face,  
Truth in my soule sets vp the Light of Grace;  
And though in daies of Error I did runne  
To giue all Adoration to the Sunne,  
The Moone & Stars; nay Creatures base and poore,  
Now onely their Creator I adore:  
My Queene and People all, at one time won,  
By the Religious Conuersation  
Of English Merchants, Factors, Trauailers,  
whose Truth did with our Spirits hold Commerce  
As their affaires with vs, following their path  
wee all were brought to the true Christian Faith;  
Such benefite in good Example dwels,  
It oft hath power to conuert Infidels;  
Nor could our Desires rest, till wee were led  
Vnto this place, where those good Spirits were bred;  
And see how we arriv'd, in Blessed Time,  
To do that Mihrasse Seruice, in the Prime  
Of these her Spotlesse Triumphs, and i' attend  
That Honorable Man, her Late sworne Friend.  
If any wonder at the safe Arriue  
Of this small Vessell, which all wethers drine

C

According



## The Triumphs of Truth!

According to their Rages, where appeares  
Nor Marriner nor Pylot (arm'd gainst feares)  
Know this came hether from mans guidance free,  
Onely by Truth Steer'd; as our Soules must bee;  
And see where one of her faire Temples stands,  
Do Reuerence, Moores, bow low, and Kisse your hands,  
Behold our Queene.

Queene. Her Goodnesses are such  
Wee cannot Honour Her, and Her House too much.

All in the Shippe and those in the Castle bowing  
their bodies to the Temple of Saint Paul; but Error  
smiling betwixt Scorne and Anger to see such a de-  
uout humility take hold of that complexion, breakes  
into these,

Error. What, haue my Sweete-fac'd Demits forsooke me  
Nay, then my charmes will haue enough to doo? (too,

But Time, sitting by the Frame of Truth his  
Daughters Chariot, attir'd agree-able to his Condi-  
tion, with his Hower-glasse, Wings, and Sithe, Know-  
ing best himselfe when it is fittest to speake, goes for-  
ward in this manner:

This Time hath brought t'effect, for on thy Day  
Nothing but Truth and Vertue shall display:  
Their Virgin Ensignes, Infidelity,  
Barbarisme and Guile shall in deepe Darkenesse lye;  
O I could euer stand still thus, and gaze,  
Neuer turne Glasse agen; wish no more daies;  
So this might euer last, pity the Light  
Of this rich Glory must be casde in Night;  
But Time must on, I go, 'tis so decreed,  
To blesse my Daughter Truth, and all her seed  
With Ioyes Immortal, Triumphs neuer ending:  
And as her Hand lifts mee, to thy Ascending

May



## The Triumphes of Truth

23

May it be alwaies ready (worthy Sonne)  
 To hasten which, my Howers shall quickly run,  
 Seest thou yon place, thether Ile weekly bring thee,  
 Where Truths caelestiall Harmony Thou shalt heare,  
 To which I charge Thee bend a serious Eare:  
 Leade on, Times swift Attendants;

Saint Pauls  
 Crosse.

Then the five Hlands passe along into Cheape-side,  
 the Ship next after them; the Chariot of Truth still  
 before his Lord-ship, and that of Error still chac't be-  
 fore it, where their Eies meete with another more sub-  
 tile Object, planting it selfe close by the little Con-  
 duite, which may beare this Character, the True  
 Forme and Fashion of a Mount Triumphant, but the  
 Beauty and Glory thereof ouer-spread with a thicke  
 Sulphurous Darkenesse, it being a Fog or Mist raisde  
 from Error, enuiously to blemish that Place which  
 beares the Title of *Londons Triumphant Mount* (the  
 chiefe Grace and Luster of the whole Triumph) at  
 the foure corners sit foure Monsters *Errors* Disciples,  
 on whom hangs part of the Mist for their cloathing,  
 holding in their hands little thicke Clubbes, colour-  
 red like their Garments; the Names of these foure  
 Monsters, *Barbarisme, Ignorance, Impudence, Falsbood*,  
 who at the neere approaching of *Truths* Chariot, are  
 seene a little to tremble, whilst her Deity giues life to  
 these words.

Truth.

What's here? the Mist of Error? dare his Spight  
 Staine this Triumphant Mount? where our delight  
 Hath bene Diuinely fixt so many Ages,  
 Dare darkenesse now breathe forth her Insolent Rages,  
 And hang in poysonous Vapours o're the Place



## The Triumphes of Truth.

*From whence wee receiv'd Love and return'd Grace?  
I see if Truth a while but turne her Eies,  
Thicke are the Mists that o're faire Citties rise:  
Wee did expect to receive welcome here,  
From no deform'd Shapes but Divine and Cleere,  
In steed of Monsters that this place attends;  
To meete with Goodnesse and her Glorious Friends,  
Nor can they so forget mee to bee far,  
I know there stands no other envious Bar:  
But that foule Cloude to Darken this Bright Day,  
Which with this Fanne of Starres Ile Chase away.  
Vanish Infectious Fog that I may see  
This Citties Grace, that takes her Light from Mee.*

At this her powerfull command, the Vanish, give Way, Cloude suddenly rises, and changes into a bright spredding Canopy, stucke thicke with Starres, and beames of Gold, shooting forth round about it, the Mount appearing then most rich in Beauty and Glory, the foure Monsters falling flat at the Foote of the Hill; that graue Foeminine Shape, figuring London, sitting in greatest Honour; next aboue her in the most eminent place, sits Religion, the Modell of a faire Temple on her Head, and a burning Lampe in her Hand, the proper Emblemes of her Sanctity, Watchfulnesse, and Zeale; on her right Hand sits Liberality, her head circled with a Wreath of Gold, in her hand a Cornucopia, or Horne of Abundance, out of which rusheth a seeming Floud of Gold, but no way flowing to Prodigality; for as the Sea is govern'd by the Moone, so is that wealthy Riuer by her Eie, (for Bounty must be led by Iudgement) and hence is Art-fully deriued the onely difference betweene Prodigality and Bounty, the one deales her Giftes with open eyes, the other



other blind-fold; on her left side sits *Perfect Loue*, his proper Seate being neereſt the Heart, wearing vpon his Head a wreath of white and red Roſes mingled together, the Antient Witneſſe of *Peace, Loue and V-nion*, wherein conſiſts the Happineſſe of this Land, his Right hand holding a Sphere, where in a Circle of Gold, is contained all the 12 Companies Armes; and therefore cal'd the *Sphere of true Brother-hood*, or *An-nulus Amoris*, the *Ring of Loue*: vpon his left hand ſtand two Billing Turtles, expreſſing thereby the happy Condition of mutuall Loue and Society: on either ſide of this Mount are diſplaid the Charitable and Religious workes of *London* (eſpecially the worthy Company of *Grocers*) in giuing maintenance to Schollers, Souldiers, Widdowes, Orphans, and the like, where are plac'd one of each number: & on the two Heights ſit *Knowledge & Modesty*; *Knowledge* wearing a Crowne of Starres, in her Hand a Perſpectiue Glaſſe, betokening both her High Iudgement, and Deepe In-ſight, the Brow of *Modestie* circled with a Wreath all of red Roſes, expreſſing her Baſhfulneſſe and Bluſhings, in her hand a Crimſon Baner, ſild with Siluer Stars, figuring the white Purity of her Shamfaſtneſſe, her cheeks not red with Shame or Guilt, but with Virgin-Feare, and Honor. At the Backe of this Triumphant Mount, *Chaſtity, Fame, Simplicity, Meekneſſe*, haue their Seats, *Chaſtity* wearing on her Head a Garland of white Roſes, in her Hand a white Silke Banner, ſild with Starres of Gold, expreſſing the æternity of her vn-spotted Pureneſſe: *Fame* next vnder her, on her a Head a Crowne of Siluer, and a Siluer Trumpet in her hand, ſhowing both her Brightneſſe and Shrilneſſe: *Simplicity* with a Milke-white Doue vpon her Head, and



## *The Triumphs of Truth.*

*Meckenesse* with a Garland of mingled Flowers, in her hand a white Silke Banner with a red Crosse, a Lambe at her Feet, by which both their Conditions are sufficiently exprest; The Mount thus made glorious by the Power of *Truth*, and the Mist expeld, *London* thus speakes.

*London.*

— *Thicke Scales of Darknesse in a Moments space*  
*Are fell from both mine Eyes, I see the Face*  
*Of all my Friends about me (now) most cleerely,*  
*Religious Sisters, whom I Honour deerely;*  
*Oh I behold the worke, it comes from Thee*  
*Illustrious Patronesse, thou that mad'st me see*  
*In Dayes of blindest Ignorance, when this Light*  
*Was ee'n extinguisht, Thou Redeem'st my sight;*  
*Then to Thy Charge (with Reuerence) I commend*  
*That worthy Son of mine, thy vertuous Friend,*  
*Whom on my Loue and Blessing I require,*  
*To obserue Thee Faithfully, and his Desire*  
*To imitate Thy will, and there lyc bounded,*  
*For Power's a Dangerous Sea, which must be sounded*  
*With Truth and Iustice, or Man soone runs on*  
*'Gainst Rockes and Shelues to Dissolution;*  
*Then that thou maist the Difference euer know,*  
*Twixt Truth and Error, a few words shall show;*  
*The many wayes that to blind Error slide*  
*Are in the entrance broad, Hell-mouth is wide,*  
*But when Man enters farre, he findes it then*  
*Close, Darke and Streight, for Hell returnes no Men;*  
*But the One sacred Way which Truth directs,*  
*Onely at Entrance Mans Affection Checks,*  
*And is there strict alone, to which place throngs*  
*All worlds Afflictions, Calumnies and wrongs.*

*But*



## The Triumphs of Truth.

25

But hauing past those, then thou find'st a way  
In breadth, whole Heauen, in length, eternall Day,  
Then following Truth, she brings Thee to that way;  
But first obserue what workes she here requires,  
Religion, Knowledge, Sanctity, Chast Desires,  
Then Charity, which Bounty must expresse,  
To Schollers, Souldiers, Widdowes, Fatherlesse;  
These haue beene still my workes, they must be thine,  
Honour and Action must together shine,  
Or the best part's Eclipst, behold but this,  
Thy very Crest shewes Bounty, here 'tis put,  
Thou giu'st the open Hand, keepe it not shut;  
But to the Needie, or Deseruing Spirit,  
Let it spread wide, and Heauen enrowles that Merit;  
Do these, and proue my Hopefull Worthy Sonne,  
Yet nothing's spoke, but needfully must bee done.  
And so lead forward.

At which Words the whole Triumph moues in his  
richest glory toward the Crosse in Cheape, at which  
place Error full of Wrath and Mallice to see his Mist  
so chased away, falles into this Fury.

### Error.

Heart of all the Fiends in Hell!  
Could her Beggarly Power expell  
Such a Thicke and Poisonous Mist  
Which set Enuies Snakes to twist;  
Vp Monsters, was her Feeble Frome  
Of Force to strike my Officers downe?  
Barbarisme, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,  
All your Hell-bred Heads aduance,  
And once againe with Rotten Darknesse shroud  
This Mount Triumphant, drop downe sulphurous Cloud.

Ac



*The Triumphs of Truth.*

At which the Mist falles againe, and hangs ouer all the Beauty of the Mount, not a Person of Glory scene, onely the foure Monsters gather courage againe, and take their Seates, aduancing their Clubs about their Heads, which no sooner perceiu'd, but *Truth* in her Chariot making neere to the place, willing still to rescue her Friends and Seruants, from the Powers of Ignorance and Darknesse, makes vse of these Words,

*Truth.*

*Dare yet the workes of Vglinesse appeare  
Gainst this Dayes Brightnesse, and see Vs so neerer?  
How bold is Sinne and Hell, that yet it dare  
Rise against Vs? but know (Perditions Heire)  
T'is Idle to contend against our Power,  
Vanish againe Fowle Mist from Honors Bower.*

Then the Cloud dispersing it selfe againe, and all the Mount appearing Glorious, it passeth so on to the *Standard*, about which place, by Elaborate action from *Error* it falles againe, and goes so darkned, till it comes to *S. Laurence* lane end, where by the former words by *Truth* vtter'd, being againe chac'd away, *London* thus gratefully requites her Goodnesse.

*London.*

*Eternities bright Sister, by whose Light,  
Errors infectious Workes still flye my Sight.  
Receiue thy Seruants Thankes; Now perfect Loue  
whose Right hand holds a Sphere, wherein doe moue  
Twelue blest Societies, whose belou'd encrease,  
Stiles it the Ring of Brother-hood, Faith and Peace,  
From thy Harmonious Lips let them all taste,  
The Golden Counsell that makes Health long last.*

*Perfect Loue* then standing vp, holding in his right hand



hand a Sphære, on the other, two Billing Turtles,  
giues these words.

*Perfect Loue.*

*First then I banish from this Feast of Ioy,  
All Excesse, Epicurisme, both which destroy  
The Healths of Soule and Body, no such Guest  
Ought to be welcome to this Reuerend Feast  
where Truth is Mistresse, who's admitted here,  
Must come for Vertues loue more then for Cheere,  
These two white Turtles may example giue  
How Perfect Ioy and Brother-hood should liue,  
And they from whom Graue Order is expected,  
Of rude Excesse must neuer bee detected;  
This is the Councell which that Lady calles  
Golden Aduice, for by it no man falles  
Hee that desires Dayes healthfull, sound and blest,  
Let moderate Iudgement serue him at his Feast,  
And so lead on, may Perfect Brother-hood shine,  
Still in Sphære, and Honor still in thine.*

This Speech so ended, his Lordship and the Companies passe on to *Guild-hall*; and at their Returning backe, these Triumphs attend to bring his Lordship toward *Saint Pauls Church*, there to performe those yearely Ceremoniall Rites, which Antient and Graue Order hath determined, Error by the way still busie and in Action to drawe Darknesse often vpon that Mount of Triumph, which by Truth is as often disperst: then all returning homewards full of Beauty and Brightnesse, this Mount and the Chariot of Truth, both plac'd neere to the Entrance of his Lordships Gate, neere *Leaden-hall*; *London*, the Lady of that Mount, first giues utterance to these words,



## The Triumphes of Truth.

London.

Before the Day sprang from the Mornings wombe  
I rose, my Care was earlier then the Light,  
Nor would it rest till I now brought Thee Home,  
Marrying to one Ioy both thy Day and Night;  
Nor can we call this Night, if our Eyes count  
The Glorious beames that dance about this Mount,  
Sure did not Custome guide 'em, Men would say  
Two Noones were seene together in one day,  
The Splendor is so piercing, Triumph seemes  
As if it sparkled, and to Mens esteemes  
Threw forth his Thankes, wrapt up in Golden Flames,  
As if hee would giue Light to reade their Names  
That were at Cost this Day to make him shine,  
And be as free in Thankes, as they in Coine,  
But see Time checkes me, and his Sithe stands ready  
To cut all off, no State on Earth is steady,  
Therefore Graue Sonne the Time that is to come,  
Bestow on Truth, and so. Thour't welcome Home.

Time standing vp in Truths Chariot, seeming to  
make an offer with his Sithe to cut off the Glories of  
the Day, growing neere now to the Season of Rest  
and Sleepe, his Daughter Truth thus meekely stayes  
his Hand.

Truth.

Father desist a while till I send forth  
A few words to our Friend, that Man of Worth:  
The Power that Heauen, Lone, and the Cities choyce,  
Have all confer'd on Thee with mutuall voyce,  
As it is Great, Reuerend, and Honorable,  
Meet it with equall Goodnesse, strive t'excell  
Thy former Selfe, as thy Command exceeds  
Thy last-yeares State, so let new Acts, old Deeds;

And



And as great men in Riches and in Birth  
 (Heightning their Blouds, and ioyning Earth to Earth,)  
 Bestow their best houres and most serious cares  
 In chusing out fit Matches for their Heires:  
 So neuer giue Thou ouer day or howre  
 Till with a Vertue thou hast matcht this Powder:  
 For what is Greatnesse if not ioynd with Grace?  
 Like one of High-bloud that hath married Base.  
 Who seekes Authority with an Ignorant Eye,  
 Is like a man seekes out his Enemy:  
 For where before his Follies were not spread  
 Or his corruptions, then theire cleerely read  
 E'en by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure  
 A Cristall of it selfe, it will endure  
 No poyson of Oppression, Bribes, Hir'd Law,  
 But 'twill appeare soone in some cracke or flaw,  
 How e're men sooth their hopes with Popular breath,  
 If not in Life, the'ile finde that crack in Death:  
 I was not made to fawne or stroake sin smooth  
 Bee wise and heare me then that cannot sooth:  
 I haue set Thee High now, bee so in Example,  
 Made thee a Pinnacle in Honors Temple,  
 Fixing ten thousand Eyes upon thy Brow  
 There is no hiding of thy Actions now,  
 They must abide the Light, and imitate Mee,  
 Or bee throwne downe to Fire where Errors bee.  
 Nor onely with these words thy eare I feede,  
 But giue those part that shall in Time succeed,  
 To thee in present, and to them to come  
 That Truth may bring you all with Honour home  
 To these your Gates, and to those, after these  
 Of which your owne good Actions Keepe the Keyes,  
 Then as the Lones of thy Society



## The Triumphes of Truth.

Hath flowde in Bounties on this Day and Thee,  
Counting all Cost too little for true Art,  
Doubling rewards there where they found Desert,  
In Thankesfulnesse, Iustice, and Vertuous care  
Perfect their hopes, those thy Requitals are;  
VVith Fatherly Respect embrace 'em all,  
Faith in thy Heart, and Plenty in thy Hall,  
Loue in thy VValkes, but Iustice in thy State,  
Zeale in thy Chamber, Bounty at thy Gate:  
And so to Thee and these a Blessed Night,  
To thee Faire Citty, Peace, my Grace and Light.

### Trumpets sounding Triumphantly,

Zeale, the Champion of Truth on Horse-backe, his  
head circled with strange Fires, appeares to his Mi-  
stresse, and thus speakes:

See yonder, Lady, Errors Chariot stands,  
Brauing the Power of your incens'd commands,  
Emboldned by the priuiledge of Night  
And her blacke Faction, yet to crowne his Spight  
VVhich Ile confound, I burne in Diuine wrath.

Truth. Strike then, I gree thee leaue to shoote it forth.  
Zeale. Then here's to the destruction of that Seate,  
There's nothing seene of Thee but Fire shall eate.

At which, a Flame shootes from the Head of Zeale,  
which fastening vpon that Cariot of Error sets it on  
Fire, and all the Beasts that are ioynde to it.

The Fire-worke being made by Maister Hum-  
phrey Nichols, a Man excellent in his Art: and the  
whole



whole Worke and Body of the Triumph, with all the proper Beauties of the Workemanship most Artfully and Faithfully performed by *John Grinkin*: and those furnished with Apparrell and Porters by *Anthony Monday*, Gentleman.

This proud Seate of *Error* lying now onely glowing in Imbers, (being a Figure or Type of his Lord-ships Iustice on all wicked offenders in the Time of his Gouvernement,) I now conclude, holding it a more learned Discretion to cease of my selfe, then to haue *Time* cut mee off rudely, and now let him strike at his pleasure.





*The Song with the Note.*



Other of many honorable Sonnes, thinke not



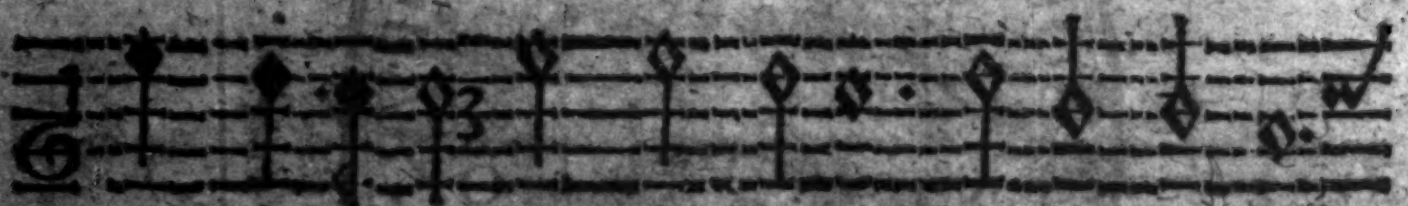
thy glasse too slowly runs, That in Times hand is



set, because thy worthy Sonne appeares not yet,



Lady be pleas'd the houre growes on, thy ioyes will be



compleat anon, thou shalt behold, the man in rold,



in honors-booke whome vertue railes, loue circled,

round,





round, his tryumphes crownd, withall good wishes,



prayers and praises.

What greater comfort to a Mothers heart,  
Then to behold her sonnes Desert:

Goe hand in hand with loue,  
Respect and Honor (Blessings from aboue)  
It is of power all greeces to kill,  
And with a flood of ioy to fill.

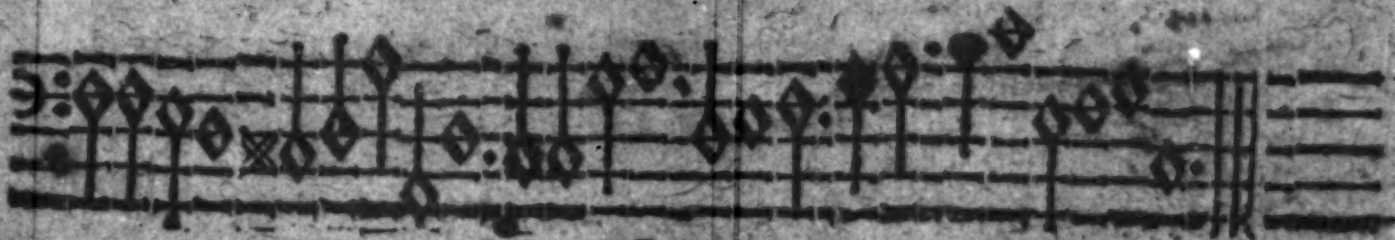
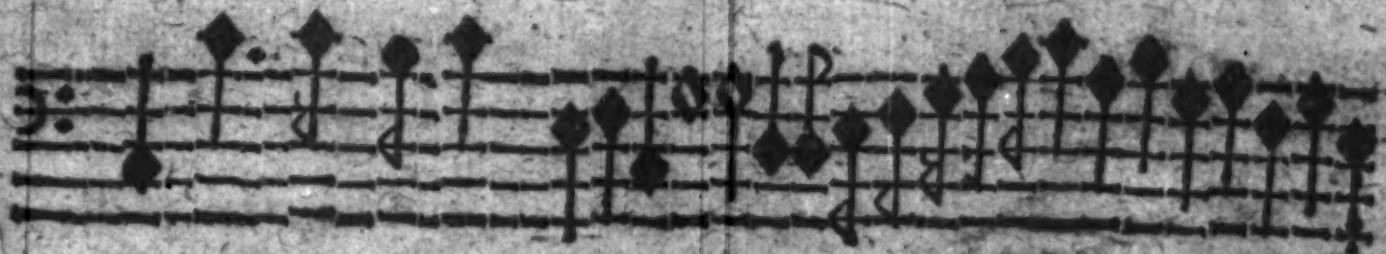
Thy Aged Eyes,  
To see him rise,

With Glory deckt, where Expectation.

Grace, Truth, and Fame,  
Met in his Name,

Attends his Honors Confirmation.

BASSVS.



FINIS.